The MAC Flyer

JULY 1979

They Spoke of Safety . . . page 4

MILITARY AIRLIFT COMMAND

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The MAC Flyer

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in MAC Air Operations.

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The Winners

1979 MAC
Flying Safety Writing Contest

1st Lt Raymond A. Beltz
55 ARRS
Eglin AFB, Florida
for
They Spoke of Safety

1st

Major D.C. Kearns
96 TAS (AFRES)
Minneapolis-St. Paul IAP,
Minnesota
for
Good Pilot

2nd

Major J. Darrell Lindsey
155 TAS (ANG)
Memphis IAP, Tennessee
for
Air of Confidence

3rd

HONORABLE MENTION

Stumped
by Randy Padfield
Stavanger, Norway

Why I Didn't Enter
by Capt Jerry M. Brewton
Det 2, 67 ARRS
Ramstein AB, Germany

Diana
by Capt David W. Keith
37 ARRS
F.E. Warren AFB, Wyoming

An Extra Pair of Eyes
by Capt Robert F. Paling
Electronic Systems Division
Hanscom AFB, Massachusetts

A Place of Honor
by Lt Col Gene Allen
137 TAW (ANG)
Will Rogers World Airport,
Oklahoma

An Ode to Smokin' Joe
by Capt David A. Laubhan
928 TAG (AFRES)
Chicago-O'Hare IAP, Illinois

Cherry Ride Blues
by Capt Doug Wolff
774 TAS
Dyess AFB, Texas

The Cave of Change One to the MAC Sup
by 2d Lt Shannon T. Kingsley
Det 5, 40 ARRS
Edwards AFB, California

Famous Last Words
by Maj Anthony J. Oliva
57 MAS
Altus AFB, Oklahoma

The *Flyer* staff thanks the 45 contest entrants who made our judges' job both challenging and interesting. We hope you are enjoying your C.R. Terror T-shirts, and your free year's subscription to *The MAC Flyer.* Top three finishers receive, in addition, a handsome desk set attesting to their literary prowess. The honorable mention winners get a wall plaque recognizing their accomplishment. One contest-winning story will appear in each issue of *TMF.*

There are none so deaf as those who have ears, yet refuse to hear. —from Jeremiah 5:21

by 1st Lt Raymond A. Beltz
55 ARRS
Eglin AFB, Florida

They Spoke of Safety

It was a hot and humid July morning, but Mark Parrish didn't care too much about the humidity. All he cared about was that the sun was out and he would soon be on his first plane ride. Mark had just turned sixteen and his uncle had promised to take him on his first flight. That promise had actually been made several years ago, and young Mark thought 1964 would never roll around. Today, however, his dream would come true.

The big Desoto stopped in front of a small building at the airport. "Hey, Uncle Harry, why are we stopping way up here? Your plane is parked down there." Mark could see

First Place, 1979 MAC Flying Safety Writing Contest

the Piper Cub sitting on the ramp about a quarter-mile away.

"Well, Mark, flying really involves more than just strapping an airplane to your fanny and turning the key. If you're really serious about joining the Air Force and becoming a pilot after you graduate from college, you had better get to know this place real well. It's a Flight Service Station and all your flights should start here."

As they entered the building, Mark could only think of how much time they were wasting. Uncle Harry introduced him to the station manager, who showed them around. They received a weather briefing, checked on the facilities available at their destination and filed a flight plan. Mark considered this more wasted time. He could see the weather outside was good and who needed a flight plan; they were only going a couple-hundred miles. To add insult to injury, his uncle spent a half-hour preflighting the airplane.

Mark's first flight took place with no difficulty thanks to his uncle's careful preplanning. During that flight, Uncle Harry talked of flying safety, but it fell on deaf ears.

What Mark lacked in common sense, he made up for in plain natural flying ability, and within six months he had earned his private license. Word got around school that Mark was a full-fledged pilot, and before long he was more popular than Bart Starr, Willie Mays and James Bond. Lara Hall, the new girl who only dated college guys, soon let it be known that she also dated pilots. They made a date to go flying.

The sky was overcast that day, but Mark figured that as long as he stayed VFR everything would be all right. As usual, he didn't get a weather briefing before he and Lara hopped into the plane and took off. Everything went well for a while on that winter day, but things soon changed.

The new girl who only dated college guys, soon let it be known she also dated pilots.

The temperature, altitude, and moisture conditions were just right for icing, and as Mark flew through a small whisper of a cloud, his windshield glazed over. Before he could figure out what had happened, he entered a cloudbank. He wasn't instrument qualified, and unable to see, he became disoriented. Within seconds his aircraft was in a spin. Luckily for the two occupants, they broke out of the clouds in time for Mark to recover control of the Piper. He landed at a small private field, but due to the low visibility out of the front windshield, he couldn't judge his altitude and tore up the tail skid.

Lara never spoke to him again after that. But even worse was the lecture his uncle gave him on flying safety. His stupidity had cost him the priviledge of ever using his uncle's plane again. His uncle spoke once more of safety, but as before, it fell on deaf ears.

During his senior year in high school, Mark joined the Civil Air Patrol, and as a cadet, he worked hard at all tasks assigned to him. It didn't take him long to prove himself an outstanding student, noticed by both the officers and instructors. Soon he was given responsibilities within the corps. However, his disregard for safety would soon get him into trouble again.

Mark enrolled in the flight training portion of the program. The C.A.P. aircraft were a little bigger, a little more complex and had much more equipment than other airplanes he had flown, but he was ready for the challenge. He wasn't too happy when he found out that he had to attend more ground school classes though, because he felt he already knew how to fly. The part he liked least was the monthly safety meeting he had to attend.

As usual, safety and Mark just didn't see eye-to-eye. As the months passed, his excuses for not attending the meetings grew more and more elaborate. The safety meetings weren't all that bad, either. Almost every

one featured a guest speaker who would talk on some aspect of air safety. Mark did attend a few meetings, but when they spoke of safety, it fell on deaf ears.

Mark got his act together that year, and with a little hard work received an appointment to the Air Force Academy. Cadet Parrish took to the discipline of a military school like a fish takes to water. During the four years that followed, Mark was an ideal student and leader.

Lieutenant Parrish finally reached his UPT base in the summer of 1970. He wanted to excel, so he put his heart and soul into every phase of the program. Mark knew that if he wanted to bat in this ballgame he'd have to play by the rules. He worked hard in the cockpit and on the books too. No detail was too small, no rule too picky. It was all for a reason now. After the twelve months at pilot training, anyone who had known Mark before would have sworn that his whole attitude on safety had changed, but in a few years they would find out that they were wrong.

Assigned to C-130s after pinning on his wings, Lieutenant Parrish went to Little Rock and Pope for several more months of instruction. Once again Mark performed his duties well. After arriving at his PCS base, he quickly became known as a good copilot. With minimum time, Mark was checked out in the left seat, but as an aircraft commander he soon reverted to some old habits.

The year was 1974. Mark Parrish grabbed a quick cup of coffee before an early morning briefing. He tucked his flight cap into a pocket of his flight suit, being careful not to scratch his new captain's bars.

In the hall, Mark passed Major Leo, the Squadron Safety Officer. "Hi, Mark! Nice to see you again. How was your leave?"

"Great. It felt good just to soak up the rays."

"I see they've got you flying already."

"Yep, back only two days and into the grind. But I don't mind, of course."

"Mark," said the major, "the new low-level hazard maps came out while you were away. There have been a few changes. Be sure you check them out."

"I'm a little short on time, sir, but I'll try to find a minute to look at them."

Major Leo spoke of safety, but, once again, it fell on deaf ears.

Mark never did check the hazard maps before takeoff. The flight was pretty routine, and one by one all the training items were checked off. By afternoon the mission was complete, and the crew started for home. But the closer to the base they got, the worse the weather became. Mark was forced to request an IFR clearance.

"Hey, Captain, we're too low. Let's go around!"

"Lieutenant, we'll fly a VOR 15 approach," Mark informed his copilot.

"But, Captain, shouldn't we request a PAR or ILS?" questioned the copilot, Lieutenant Mashmore.

"Technically, yes, but I need a non-precision for this quarter," Mark replied.

With all checklists out of the way, they began the approach. Twenty-two seconds inbound, the controller told them the field was now below minimums. Despite this information, Captain Parrish continued his approach.

"Shouldn't we level off now, sir?" asked Lieutenant Mashmore.

"Don't worry, kid, I just want to get home. I missed lunch," Mark joked.

As the last few seconds of the approach ticked by, Lieutenant Mashmore called out minimums and then go-around, but the aircraft continued down.

"Hey, Captain, we're too low. Let's go around!" Lieutenant Mashmore's voice was now an octave higher.

"Calm down, we'll break out in a second," Parrish snapped back.

They did break out, just in time to see a recently constructed antenna tear into the left side of the fuselage. By some miracle, the crew kept marginal control of the C-130 and brought the aircraft down in the clear area near the approach lights. The plane was destroyed by fire, but all crewmembers escaped from the semi-controlled crash.

Two months after the accident, Mark Parrish sat outside the office where his Flying Evaluation Board was meeting. Mark had been in front of the Board that morning, the last person to testify. He told them that he now understood his mistakes and saw the importance of following the regs. He told the board he believed safety was a very important part of flying and that if he were permitted to stay on flying status it would always be his first consideration.

Mark reentered the room to receive the Board's judgment. This time *Mark* had spoken of safety, but it had fallen on deaf ears.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lieutenant Raymond A. Beltz is becoming a familiar face to *TMF* readers. His honorable mention story from last year's contest was published in the May issue of the *Flyer.* Lieutenant Beltz is assigned to the 55 ARRS, Eglin AFB, Florida where he plys the southern skies as an HH-53 pilot. He is a native of Johnstown, Pennsylvania and a 1975 graduate of the University of Pittsburgh.

Rules of the Game

Few flyers doubt that an aircraft will eventually descend to earth if its engines quit. In fact, when it will reach the ground can be calculated with astonishing accuracy. However, it requires the genius of Murphy to explain why *your* airplane's engines quit in the first place. Here's the *Flyer's* collection of laws of science and nature, people and management, gleaned from a variety of divergent sources.

Science and Nature

We begin with a famous law of science that has been widely applied to human nature.

Murphy's Law: In any field of scientific endeavor, anything that can go wrong, will go wrong.

Of course, such a general statement has given rise to many corollaries:

- Left to themselves, things will always go from bad to worse.
- If there is a possibility that any one of several things will go wrong, then the one capable of doing the most damage will go wrong.
- Nature always sides with the hidden flaw.

The Law of Selective Gravitation: Any dropped object will fall in the worst possible place. (This explains why anything dropped in a cockpit will always land where you either can't see or can't reach it.)

Darwin's Observation: Nature will tell you a direct lie if she can.

Forecaster's Code: It is very difficult to forecast, especially about the future.

- The moment you forecast, you know you're wrong—you just don't know when, how much, or in what direction.
- If you're ever right, never let 'em forget it!
- He who lives by the crystal ball soon learns to eat ground glass.

Will's Witicism: If you don't like the weather where you are, just wait, it will change—for the worse.

Generalized Iceberg Theorem: Seven-eights of *everything* can't be seen.

Factual Finality: If it happens, it must be possible.

Investigator's Injunction: Any mishap, once it has occurred, can be made to appear inevitable.

Douglas's Law of Practical Aeronautics: When the weight of the paperwork equals the weight of the plane, the plane will fly.

–Donald Douglas, airplane builder

Computer Maxim: To err is human, but to really foul things up requires a computer.

First Law of Wing-Walking: Never leave hold of what you've got until you've got hold of something else.

–Donald Herzberg

People

Humans are even more difficult to regulate than Mother Nature—ask any squadron commander. Yet, there are certain commonalities of human circumstances that stand out.

Jones' Law: Friends may come and go, but enemies accumulate.

–Thomas Jones

Kafka's Assertion: In the fight between you and the world, back the world.

–Franz Kafka

Segal's Statute: A man with one watch knows what time it is; a man with two watches is never quite sure.

Directional Dictum: If everything is coming your way, you're probably in the wrong lane.

Lost Proposition: If you don't know where you're going, any

road (or airway) will take you there.

–Professor Paul Barefield

Ettorre's Observation: The other line always moves faster. This applies to all lines—bank, tollbooth, BX, Post Office, customs, *etc.* If you change lines, the line you *were* in becomes the other line and it will then move faster.

–Barbara Ettorre

Student's Surety: You shouldn't worry if you don't know all the answers. You probably won't be asked *all* the questions.

Communications Conundrum: You can't get pearls of wisdom from people who clam up.

–Major James G. Gibson II

Historical Maxim: Those who do not remember the lessons of history will be forced to relive them.

–Lord Acton

First Law of Swimming: When in deep water, keep your mouth shut.

York's Corollary: Those who remember the lessons of history will still find new ways to err.

–Major Alan D. York

Management

The science and art of getting people to do something they don't want to, and making them like it, has given rise to millions of maxims.

Peer's Law: The solution of a problem changes the problem.

Anderson's Law: I have yet to see a problem, however complicated, which, when looked at the right way, did not become still more complicated.

Publisher's Principle: Nothing will be printed if all possible objections must first be overcome.

Coordination Cannon: The Ten Commandments would never make it through complete staffing.

Coe's Code: In a system of limited resources, to reward one group, you must take away from another. The trick is to be in the rewarded group.

–Captain James P. Coe

The Standboard Evaluation: If everything is going well, you have obviously overlooked something.

Maintenance Rule of Thumb: If at first it doesn't fit, get a bigger hammer.

Iron Clad Law of Distribution: Them that has, gets.

Gauss's Motovational Mandate: If you kick the keester of everyone who needs it, you'll end up with your leg worn off up to the knee cap.

–Brian Gauss

Postulate of Promotion Probability: When a guy makes full colonel and *doesn't* know someone, there is something wrong with the *system.*

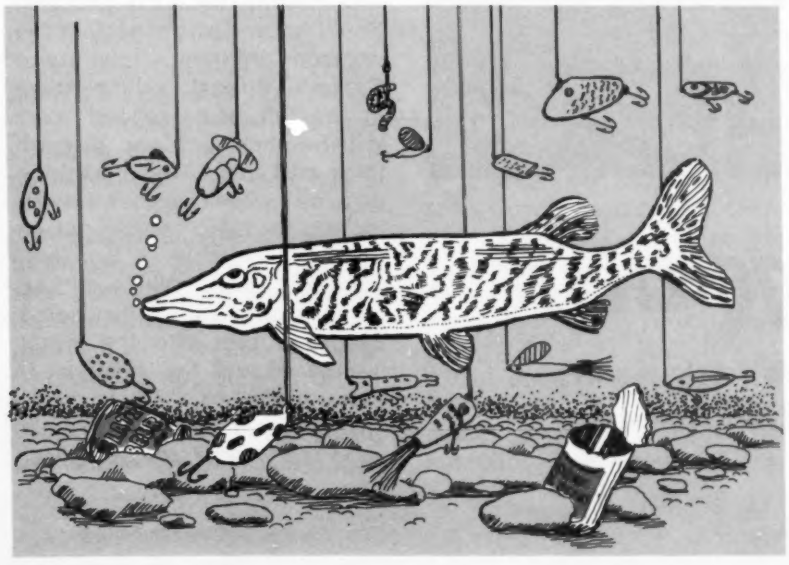
–Colonel Red Gorman

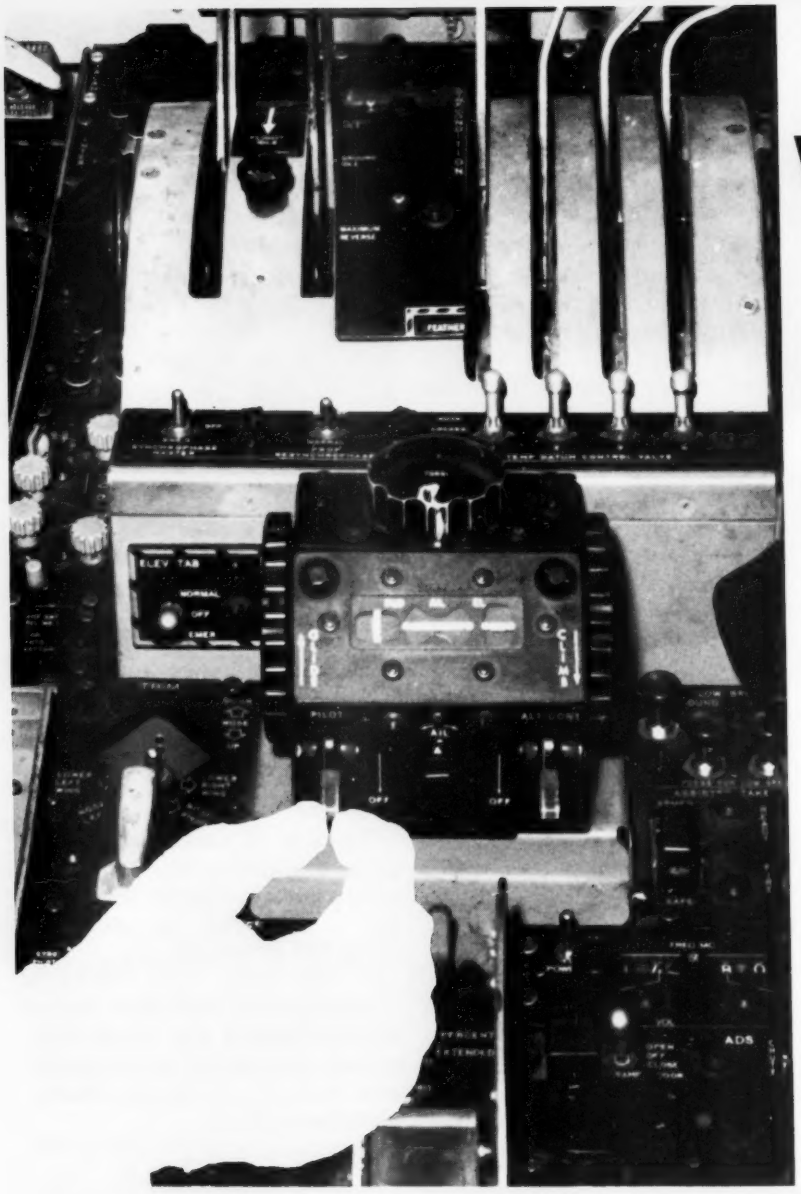
Reading these rules, you may wonder if there isn't a law about the proliferation of regulations. The one that seems to fit is: "Almost anything is easier to get into than out of."

We end this statuatory story with a convention that should be a hit with aircrewmembers and safety folks alike.

Berra's Law: You can observe a lot just by watching.

– Yogi Berra





Let George Do It

Following the tips in this article can help you work smarter instead of harder.

by Maj C.B. Casson
97 MAS (AFRES)
McChord AFB, Washington

Who's a pilot's best friend? Down here on good ol' terra firma that's an easy question to answer: Fido, your fearless K-9, of course. He's there day and night, watching faithfully over all your goodies, like that deluxe quadraphonic sound system or your new Nikkon F. A great watch dog, Fido, and affectionate, too. He's always there, jumping up and down like you're the greatest thing since doggie yummies each time you drag your crumpled body home after nine days out in the system. There's no doubt about it; he's your best pal—on the ground.

But, "Gear up!" and four Pratt & Whitneys are pushing your cleanly shaven, neatly pressed, eager-to-go torso ever skyward. Another trip begins. So now who's your best friend? Lieutenant Snerd in the right seat? Nope. He's just sorry you missed out on that one-time good deal to whisk broom control officers' school last month. Don't kid yourself, Snerd knows who's next in the upgrade program. How about Captain Bifocal riding there in the left seat, second row? Will he stick with you through thick and thin, ADIZ violations and all? Don't get whiplash looking for him; he may not be there at all—this is an INS-equipped bird. Who's sitting rignt there ready to help? Ready to bite into the worst turbulence and the worst weather—down to CAT II minimums—even landing? Why it's good old George, the autopilot.

Trusty, reliable *and* uncomplaining George. Give me an autopilot any time and I'll aviate safer, smoother, and more efficiently, and use less fuel.

Now, I've been bug smashing with MAC for over 10,000 hours, but it took a long time to get over all that ego bunk like, "I'm better than George," or "Real pilots hand-fly 'em to minimums." Take a look at some of my reasons for using the autopilot when the going gets rough.

Proficiency

I'd need both hands and both feet to count the number of pilots I've caught screwing up some phase of autopilot operation over the last ten years. Every unit's 846 files are full of evaluator comments like, "Turned in too soon on localizer," or "Forgot to engage glide slope," and a newer one, "Unable to couple to INS during cruise." These may seem nitpicking, but they simply indicate not enough autopilot proficiency.

So, how about this, MAC-people? The regs say thou shalt complete 16 ILS approaches per year. Okay, let's try making at least four (25% of all ILSs) using George. Why that magic number? I think it is enough to get you comfortable with the automatic ILS approach features of the autopilot and autothrottle. And one coupled ILS approach is usually enough to tell if George is feeling well or needs a checkup by the avionics folks. Gain your autopilot competence and confidence before your instrument check, and save a stubbed toe on evaluation day. Autopilot proficiency is important for copilots too—it takes two to tango in the Starlifter, especially down to CAT II minimums.

Midairs

Is there anything that would ruin your day more than a midair? I doubt it. A real letdown you might say. And if you happen to survive, you may wish you hadn't before the paperwork is finished. Sound judgment and MAC policy both say look out on climb out—and many times thereafter—so George does it better. Don't get me wrong, I believe when the weather is solid IMC with Stage III handoffs, or when you're making cargo runs into Diego Garcia or some other remote place, it's a great time to pamper your ego and fly it by hand. Sure you need to keep your proficiency up so you can dazzle the tassle off Lieutenant Snerd, but when it's clear and busy, or you're punching in and out of the scattered cloud layers or popping out of the bottom of a solid overcast, watch out folks—the big splat is out there! I've logged a few puckertightening sorties myself, and if you want more grim tales, just check with your friendly safety officer.

On departure George also works great. As you approach climb airspeed, engage that autopilot and look outside. You'll probably be just about at the edge of the airport traffic area, so all those little bitty VFR bug smashers circumnavigating the big Air Corps Station will be right there waiting—and at their speed they might as well be standing still. If you engage control wheel steering (CWS), you'll still be able to take quick evasive action if you need to.

On descent the midair collision hazard is even worse. When you blast out the bottom of an overcast deck, Tooting Tommie in his Cessna 150 may be cruising along just below the clouds waiting for you. Again, your trusty pal George can leave you with both eyeballs free. "Wow, we just missed him!" is a lot better than the alternative. So for safety's sake, put your ego in your watch pocket (if it fits) and let George do his thing.

Fatigue

Fatigue hits you worst at the end of a mission, just when you might need to be the sharpest. That two or three hours in the comfort pallet doesn't always revive the supersharp, consistently outstanding stick-and-rudder finesse that you read about in your last OER. Time zone changes, long awake periods before alert, hot and dry cabin conditions all pile up. Face it friend, you're tired.

When you fly a long enroute descent, get dragged around by the nose on radar vectors and then try to fly a precision final to minimums, you may

find the adrenalin has run out. You are spent! Snerd in the right seat sits snickering as you overturn the controller's headings, and chase the pitch and bank needles. Now, what if you gotta go missed approach, and pick your way from McGuire to Dover at 3,000 feet? Or how about from Travis to Oakland, "Ah . . . ah . . . standby Oakland. Hey navigator, where the heck is Dofunkie intersection?" Sound familiar?

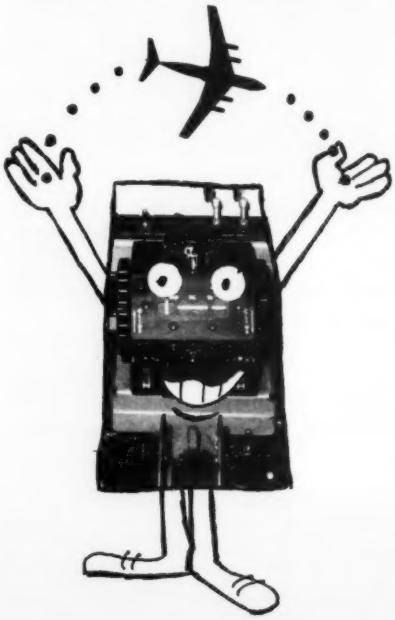
Pacing

What you don't have is pacing. You haven't really planned your approach *and* missed approach—I don't care what you briefed 30 minutes ago at FL 350. If you're beat at the end of a trip, save your hand flying for the fourth-down play—final approach. A coupled ILS would be better, but if you feel you have to run the ball yourself, then let George fly for as long as possible.

Let's say you're dragging your tattered crew and shiny Starlifter into McFog air patch after nine blissful days of cooperation and coordination in the MAC channel. It's been ten hours since your evening departure from God-knows-where, and there's a "MAC sunset" on the eastern horizon. McFog has layered clouds and drizzle with an RVR of 1600 feet. SeaTac isn't much better, but Fairchild is great, except for gusty winds. You've got it knocked, right? Wrong!

We'll also assume that you're from sunny Southern California, and believe the Great Northwest is a fine place to visit, but wouldn't want to live there, so terrain familiarity is not your forte. Of course, your Starlifter has been updated with the latest modifications that installed the INS and removed the navigator. Fortunately, you've read this great article and just for fun you decide to use George all the way down. The results may be surprising.

Somewhere over southern Canada, you've got your nest all put together, the checks completed, and you're ready to start down. From FL 370, you figure that 120 miles out will give you about a three-degree descent angle and leave enough slack time at the bottom to set up for the CAT II approach. The controller says, "MAC 380, cleared to descend at pilot's discretion to 10,000. Seattle altimeter, 29.84."



"Tell 'em we're out of 370, Snerd."

With CWS engaged, you gently lower the pitch attitude three degrees and gradually creep the power back. The big airlifter will now stay right where you put it, regardless of power and configuration changes or gradual spoiler movements. And you've got your hands and eyes free for systems operation, checking terrain clearance, clearing for traffic and a host of other desirable cockpit functions. (Some of you may have tried CWS and don't like it—think it's too rough. It isn't, but you might be. Try playing around with the left armrest until you get it where your elbow rests comfortably and you can make yoke inputs with your wrist. Make your attitude changes gradual, and most important, put the ADI picture where you want it using the highly sophisticated TOBAR [That Oughta Be About Right] method, then wait—you can't pump the CWS.)

Somewhere between cloud layers, Tacoma Approach calls a traffic advisory on a northbound United Flight 248, and gives you a heading and altitude change. You look outside, then inside, and get a fantastic case of vertigo. If you'd been hand flying it you might be

tempted to give it to Snerd, but he's got vertigo, too. He probably wouldn't tell you though, and would take it *anyway*—what copilot would pass up the chance to fly? But with George flying the airlifter, you've got time to get your gyros re-erected.

It's been 20 minutes since you left 370. After four intermediate level offs, a dozen heading changes, icing, turbulance, and traffic, you'd be beat to death if you had been hand flying. Fatigue would set in, and tiny irritants like interphone chatter would bring your nerves to the ragged edge. But it isn't that way because you've let George do most of the work. You're way ahead as you get close-in to the base. "Snerd, I'll take the VHF, get hold of metro and check the weather at SeaTac and Fairchild."

"Approach, MAC 380, if we go missed approach, we'd like vectors direct SeaTac at 3,000." With George's help you are really ahead of the airplane. By now without him, you would usually be hanging onto the donkey's tail trying to make a decent descent for approach.

"Cap'n, the McFog RVR's down to 1400, and SeaTac is getting worse. Fairchild is still VFR."

"Thanks, Snerd. You've got the radios. Tell approach we want vectors to Fairchild at FL 330 if we can't get into the base." Why you clever devil—look how much better you're thinking with George doing the manual labor. In fact, half way through that last sentence, you calmly watched your ol' pal make a turn to intercept the localizer. You might have missed that if you'd been talking and flying at the same time.

Flaps landing, down the chute, autothrottle engaged, everything's green. Aren't you glad you're not trying to get coupled right now? Approach says the RVR's down to 1200. You're thinking, missed approach power, pitch, go-around flaps, gear and so on. It's easier to think when you're not struggling with needle, ball and airspeed.

Snerd calls, "One-hundred above," (you start looking outside some) then, "Land!" You've got the runway lights in sight, but you stay with George a little longer. Autothrottle off, ease back the power, George holds the nose up and trims off the pressure. Right on glide slope at 50 feet. Click off George and ease it right onto the centerline. Watch those centerline lights, they are all you've got.

"After-nice-landing checklist, please. Load, you can tell the pax we're down."

"Very funny, captain."

You know you had it all together—you and your buddy George, that is.

Most international airlines have lower minimums for autopilot-coupled approaches than for manual. Their reasoning, according to a Boeing instructor captain, is that both the captain and copilot can monitor autopilot performance and look for the runway. The decision to land or go-around is easier.

The autopilot-autothrottle systems in our airlifters are so good that they are already correcting for deviations before they get large enough for you to see them on the instruments. (If the black boxes are properly calibrated.) You can't beat that, no matter how golden your hands are. So the next time you have to take one down to minimums, let George try it. After you're down, you'll probably notice it was a nice, comfortable and safe arrival.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A graduate of Parks Air College with a degree in aeronautics, Major C.D. "Chad" Casson has amassed over 12,000 hours piloting a variety of military and civil aircraft. When not aviating as a commercial airline captain of a DC-8, Major Casson flys with the 97 MAS (Assoc) at McChord AFB, Washington, where he is a flight examiner in the C-141. His Air Force experience also includes IP and FE qualifications in WB-50's and C-135's.

Delivering the goods successfully in a combat environment requires skill and cunning, and . . .

A Bigger Bag of Tricks

by Capt John G. Shriever
and
Capt Edward J. Wiesner Jr.
HQ MAC/DOT

Approaching our next turn point, we'll pass over a wide, dry stream bed, then start the right turn where a powerline crosses a dirt road. You should get a turn light from lead in 30 seconds," briefs the Hercules' navigator.

"Got the road in sight, viz is great," comments the right-seater as the formation of C-130s flies low over the rough, dry terrain on their way to the exercise drop zone.

Checking the SKE scope the AC observes, "Our guys are really doing good. Look at that formation—like something right out of 55-130."

Miles away a radar controller watches the orderly line of blips move across his scope. He mashes his microphone foot switch. "Pistol zero-one flight, this is Sharpshooter. Your targets are at one o'clock, fifteen miles."

"Roger that," replies the seasoned fighter pilot from the cockpit of his mottled-blue F-5. The major watches the terrain below for a few seconds till he spots a shadow, then another, and another. Banking his jet to the right he calls his wingman, "Okay, Chuck, they're about two o'clock and ten miles. We'll take it around to the right and down."

"Roger. Make sure we find the last one. We can take him out and then get the rest like shooting geese."

"Sharpshooter, Pistol Zero-one has the targets in sight; we're on the way down."

The fighters swoop at the brown and green transports. As they pass each aircraft the pilots squeeze the red trigger on their control stick grips. Fortunately for the airlifters, the aggressors are only shooting film.

This account is fictional, of course, but scenarios like this have been recorded several times during combat exercises in the last couple

of years. The lessons that MAC has learned are being applied today in the form of new tactics.

Tactics are developed to help you, the crew, keep your air machine in one piece while you deliver the goods. Since both strategic and tactical airlifters can be called on to support a number of war plans, tactics vary widely according to the mission and environment. In general, your tactics must allow you to reach your objective, deliver the load, and get back home safely. The best tactics to use in a given situation depend on several things: the amount of cargo or number of people you must deliver; how much resistance you'll meet from the bad guys; what fighter support you have; and the weather.

Conventional plans assume that we have air superiority, or can get it for a few hours, and call for large-formation airdrops. On the other end of the spectrum are single-ship or small-formation employments. MAC must train to support *all* planned uses of airlift.

You are probably most proficient at mass airdrops, and they have definite advantages and disadvantages. The ground forces' commander likes a big airdrop because it gives him the advantage of concentration of forces. Getting a lot of troops and equipment into the DZ in minimum time may be the only way an airborne outfit can survive in a hostile environment. Piecemeal drops by single ships or small formations may be too costly to the ground troops. On the other hand, running a 36-ship formation into a highly sophisticated threat area would be absolute folly. However, the same mass gaggle may survive if conditions are more favorable—say at night, in the weather, with fighter support.

The history of both airborne and bomber combat, along with our recent experience at Red Flag and Cope Thunder, show that big formations would suffer heavy losses in a high threat area during day VMC. Based on this, and current intelligence, we need to start learning new tactics in order to survive. This summer, tactical airlifters will start practicing fluid trail and modified "V" formations. These variations on the basic airdrop formation allow more maneuvering by wingmen and more liberal use of terrain masking. The basic idea is to make the transports harder for attacking fighters and ground-based radars to find. Along with these "new" formations, MAC Operations Training recommends the use of individual divergent run-ins in DZs, modified slowdowns, and random steep approaches to LZs. Realizing the current limits and vulnerability of our airplanes, these tactics will help you contend with enemy AAA, missiles, and fighters.

Safety folks feel that if crews are properly trained and follow the rules, a variety of tactics can be used safely. But we must caution that if the additional employment options are seen as a license to "hot dog" with a Herk, then the result can be aircrew fatalities and bent airplanes. Ultimately it's up to the crews.

The experts also believe that aircrews need to influence tactics more. You, the flyers should know more about the nuts and bolts aspects of doing your job than the folks at headquarters. We need your ideas. There are four good ways of getting your innovative improvements to us. First is a letter from you, through your wing and Numbered Air Force to MAC Operations Plans, Tactics Division (HQ MAC/XONT). Second is a suggestion on an AF Form 1000. Third is an AF Form 847, recommending a change to a publication. (Also check with your stan/eval folks, because an AFTO Form 22 may be more appropriate in some cases.) And if you've discovered a safety hazard, then a USAF Hazard Report is the way to go.

The choice is yours, How well the tactics are employed is the crew's responsibility. The headquarters staffers are doing their best to develop tactics that reflect the changing environment we operate in. But they need *your* inputs, because there is no one best tactic that will work in all circumstances. In essence, we need a bigger bag of tricks to get a difficult airlift job done under nearly every condition imaginable.

The MAC

ROLL OF

AS OF 31 DECEMBER 1978

MAC UNIT ACCIDENT-FREE FLYING YEAR AWARD

650,000 HOURS

76 MAS

400,000 HOURS

3 MAS
14 MAS
41 MAS
75 MAS

350,000 HOURS

6 MAS

300,000 HOURS

1 MAS
4 MAS
30 MAS
58 MAS

250,000 HOURS

86 MAS

150,000 HOURS

9 MAS
375 AAW
446 MAW (Assoc)

100,000 HOURS

54 WRS
55 WRS
349 MAW (Assoc)
440 TAW (AFRES)

F HONOR

MAC UNIT ACCIDENT-FREE FLYING-HOUR MILESTONE AWARD

30 YEARS OR MORE

1 MAS
64 TAS (AFRES)

25 THROUGH 29 YEARS

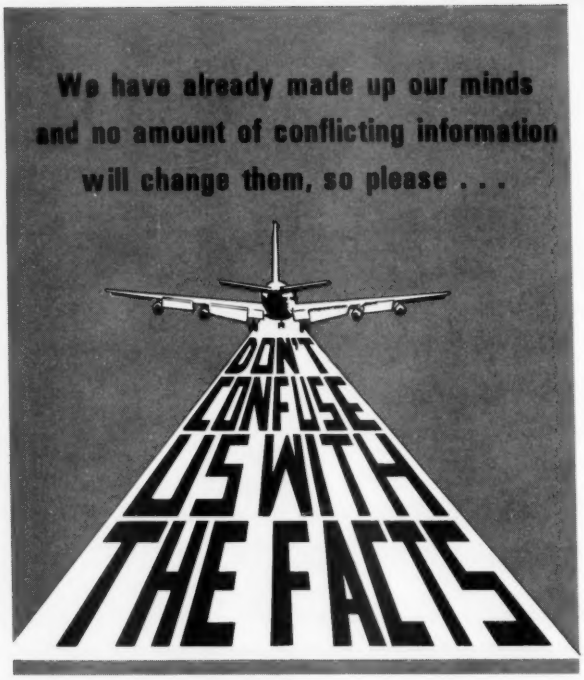
76 MAS
303 TAS (AFRES)
327 TAS (AFRES)
355 TAS (AFRES)

20 THROUGH 24 YEARS

1HS
3 MAS
6 MAS
14 MAS
57 MAS
96 TAS (AFRES)
183 TAS (ANG)
305 ARRS (AFRES)
312 MAS (Assoc)
704 TAS (AFRES)
731 TAS (AFRES)

10 THROUGH 19 YEARS

4 MAS
30 MAS
Det 1, 38 ARRS
Det 10, 38 ARRS
Det 11, 38 ARRS
Det 18, 38 ARRS
Det 5, 40 ARRS
Det 22, 40 ARRS
41 MAS
53 MAS
53 WRS
54 WRS
55 ARRS
Det 15, 55 ARRS
55 WRS
58 MAS
63 TAS (AFRES)
68 TAS (AFRES)
73 AAS (Assoc)
75 MAS
86 MAS
94 TAW (AFRES)
95 TAS (AFRES)
97 MAS (Assoc)
105 TAS (ANG)
136 TAW (ANG)
137 TAW (ANG)
142 TAS (ANG)
143 TAS (ANG)
144 TAS (ANG)
156 TAS (ANG)
164 TAS (ANG)
301 ARRS (AFRES)
303 ARRS (AFRES)
313 MAS (Assoc)
326 MAS (Assoc)
328 TAS (AFRES)
335 MAS (Assoc)
337 TAS (AFRES)
349 MAW (Assoc)
356 TAS (AFRES)
403 RWRW (AFRES)
440 TAW (AFRES)
445 MAW (Assoc)
446 MAW (Assoc)
459 TAW (AFRES)
700 TAS (AFRES)
728 MAS (Assoc)
729 MAS (Assoc)
730 MAS (Assoc)
756 TAS (AFRES)
758 TAS (AFRES)
932 AAG (Assoc)



Armed with minds uncluttered by the facts and unfettered by professionalism, the crew of a Boeing jet proved that actions based on ignorance and deviations which go unchallenged can sneak up and take a big bite out of our assumptions.

The 707 charter flight landed at Miami for fuel and was subsequently dispatched to Dallas-Fort Worth Regional Airport (DFW), but the filed destination was erroneously transmitted as DAL, the identifier for Dallas Love Field, about eight miles east of DFW. Requesting clearance from ATC, the crew received a "cleared as filed" from the controller. (The requirement to state the destination in the clearance had not gone into effect at the time of the incident).

As they approached the Dallas area from the southeast, the captain briefed an ILS approach to runway 35 left at Dallas-Fort Worth based on the latest ATIS information. Before descending through 9,000 feet, Regional Approach Control asked, "Are you landing at Love Field?"

"Yes," was the inscrutable reply. A cog had slipped. The difference between DFW and DAL had been lost. From then on, the flight crew accepted all references to Love Field as being synonymous with Dallas-Fort Worth. As the flight descended through 5,000 feet, heading northwest from Scurry VOR, approach control advised them to expect the ILS to runway 31 left at Love.

"Roger," came the unabashed response. Apparently completely under the spell of "Love" the crew seemed oblivious to the fact that they had just accepted an approach to a runway that didn't exist at Dallas-Fort Worth. They were convinced, individually and collectively, that Dallas-Fort Worth and Love Field were one and the same.

Next, the captain tuned in the ILS for runway 35 left at DFW, apparently hearing 35 instead of 31 in the approach clearance. Confusion started to mount when the first officer, who still had Dallas-Fort Worth VOR set in his navigation radio, noticed that the bearing and DME to DFW did not agree with where approach control said they were relative to the airport.

Ten miles southeast of the Love Field outer compass locator, the controller gave them another chance to realize their error. "Turn right, heading 290 degrees. Maintain 2,200 until established on the localizer. Cleared ILS 31 left at Love."

The crew read back heading, altitude and the clearance for the approach to a runway that didn't exist at the Regional Airport. Noting the glide slope and VHF nav warning flags, the two pilots agreed that they had double compass and navigation instrument problems. Actually, they were still out of range of the DFW outer marker which was about 26 miles away. Reporting their suspected instrument problem to approach control, the 707 was promptly vectored for an ASR approach to runway 31 left at Love Field.

When they broke out of the overcast at 1,500 feet, they realized that the airport directly in front of them was not Dallas-Fort Worth Regional. Not wanting to risk continuing the flight with what they thought was dual compass and navigation problems, they landed. The radio calls after they

cleared the active runway indicate the extent of their predicament.

Tower: . . . contact ground on one-two-one point eight.

707: Roger, one-point-eight .

707: Ground, this is flight . . .

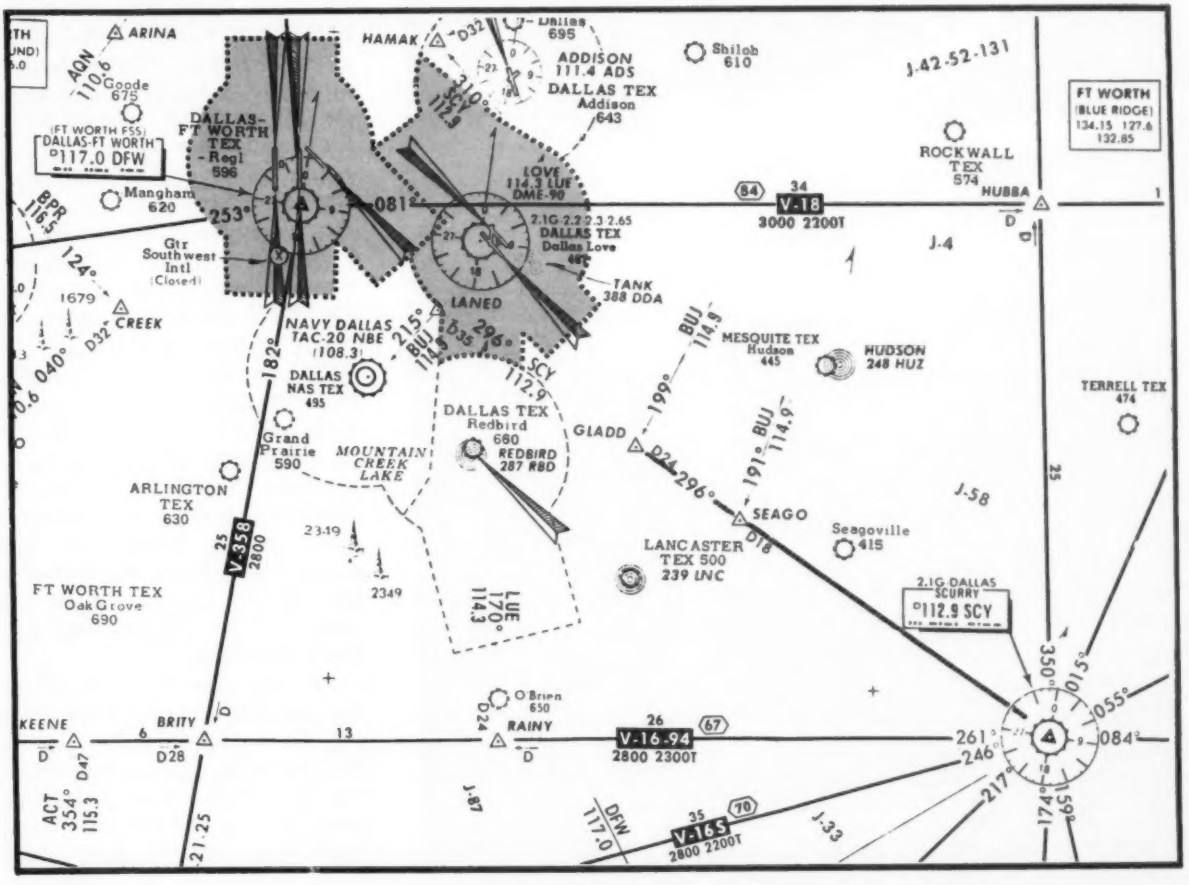
Ground: Flight . . . Love ground .

707: Oh—uh—we were inbound to Love and had an instrument problem and he sent us in here.

Ground: Yeh, this is Love.

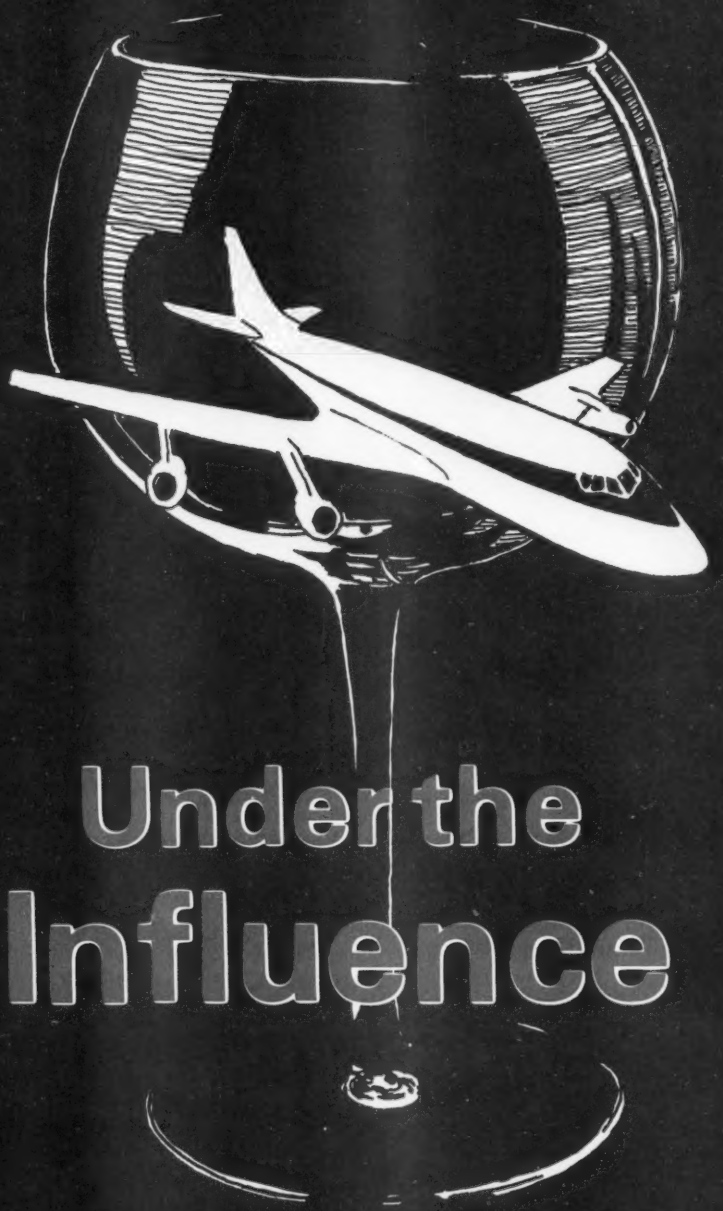
Just because this hapless airline crew wasn't headed for Carswell AFB (FWH), a few miles west of DFW and DAL, doesn't mean a similar incident couldn't happen to you in your many - motored MAC machine. Several Air Force bases are so close to civilian fields that the approach plates and IFR Supplement warn us not to land at the wrong airport. (For an interesting comparison, check the approaches to Biggs AAF, and El Paso International, landing to the southwest). The key to prevention for us, and for the unfortunate skipper in our story, is prior planning, along with the old instrument admonition, "Tune and identify before you fly the approach."

—adapted from
Crosscheck Nov 1978



Mishap with a Moral

A chilling tale of "Follow the Leader."



Under the Influence

The minute the captain emerged from the hotel doors and swaggered out to the cab where the rest of the crew was waiting, everybody—including the cabbie—could see that he wasn't in any condition to go fly an airplane.

Anesthetized or not, though, he *was* the captain, and the crew sat quietly in stunned disbelief as he heaved his flight bag into the front seat and lowered himself in after it. Timidly, and as tactfully as possible, the copilot made a halfhearted attempt to bring the fact that everything wasn't exactly up to standards out in the open by asking, "Boss, are you sure you're feeling okay to go fly this morning . . . you look a little under the weather."

The second-in-command was quickly and firmly put in his place by the veteran airline captain with a hale and hearty, "Son, your unsolicited diagnosis aside, I never felt better in my life—let's get this show on the road!" Throwing his arm over the back of the seat (which emphasized the four broad stripes on its sleeve), he added, "We've got ourselves a herd of cattle to move today, boys." As they pulled away from the curb, the first opportunity to stop an accident in its infancy had just been bypassed.

All the way to the airport the captain loudly regaled his captive audience with tales of his exploits and conquests in the 49th State during the preceeding hours of the crew's layover that should have been

spent resting up for the challenges of the upcoming flight to Japan.

The very concerned taxi driver took the trouble to report the captain's questionable condition to his dispatcher as soon as he had discharged the crew, but the ball was dropped somewhere along the line and the word never got to the airline's operations staff. Perhaps it was the early hour of the morning or a shift change, but now two opportunities to stop a deadly snowball that was beginning to gain momentum had been lost.

Somehow, the crew got through the flight planning and preflight without too much trouble in spite of the captain, and he even seemed to be sobered up a bit. In fact, before you could say "Jack Daniels," the old pro had their big Douglas cargo liner—which was loaded with 56 head of ambulatory Kobi beefsteaks—off the chocks and headed for Anchorage International Airport's runway 24-right. Unfortunately, the clearance had been for takeoff on 24-left, but it took a couple of extra calls from tower to convince the somewhat befuddled left-seater that he was lined up on the wrong runway and really *wasn't,* as he had radioed, "Ready for takeoff." Once he was finally convinced, he executed a 180-degree turn and then taxied to the originally assigned runway. Perhaps the tower should have become suspicious at the seasoned captain's difficulty in following simple taxi clearances; certainly the other crewmembers must have recognized that their fearless leader was still behind the power curve, but they didn't protest. At any rate, the last opportunity to stop the runaway snowball from turning into a fatal avalanche had just melted away.

With its engines screaming in the early morning stillness, the big cargo plane coursed down the runway. At rotation speed, the captain honked back on the controls, and the aluminum cattle wagon struggled to gain altitude, hampered by an unaccounted-for coating of ice on the wings which was significantly impeding takeoff performance. Failing to realize or react to what was happening, the captain continued to hold the quadra-jet's nose up, overrotated, and with less than 200 feet of altitude to recover in, stalled the DC-8. It crashed about a quarter of a mile from the departure end of the runway. The captain, copilot, flight engineer, and two cattle handlers were killed, and the jetliner and its cargo were destroyed in the conflagration following the impact.

Before you could say "Jack Daniels," the old pro had the DC-8 off the chocks.

When the pathologist's diagnosis was completed, the results were shocking: The captain's blood-alcohol specimen contained more than twice the legal intoxication level permitted for motor vehicle operators in Alaska! But while flying under the influence of alcohol is so reprehensivle and unprofessional as to be almost unthinkable, what is equally difficult to comprehend is why the wayward captain's crewmates remained under *his influence* when they had evidence all along that he was not legally or physically capable of performing his duties safely.

Although the National Transportation Safety Board investigators acknowledged that "it is extremely difficult for crewmembers to challenge a captain; even when the captain offers a threat to the safety of flight," they were quick to point out that a crew "should not passively condone the operation of the aircraft which might compromise safety." The board went on to say that the second-in-command "should affirmatively advise the captain whenever, in his judgment, safety of flight is in jeopardy, particularly when the safety problem is detected before the flight is airborne."

Ever consider what *you* would do in a situation where your aircraft commander or perhaps another crewmember—for whatever reason—was unfit but determined to fly?

GLOBAL NOTES

Sage Brush Goes PCS

For the past couple of years one of the most popular regular features in *The MAC Flyer* has been an irreverant cartoon called "The Sage Brush," which is the brainchild of an artful dodger named Ed Cooke. Fortunately for Ed, the major's promotion board smiled on him favorably; but unfortunately for *TMF,* they also selected him to attend Armed Forces Staff College in residence. So, with this issue, *"ici"* (as he is known to his intimates) will pack his pen, ink, kids and wife into their quasi-vintage Rambler station wagon and head for Norfolk for six months. Ed promises—or threatens—that we haven't seen the last of him or the Brush, but we suspect he will be busy enough studying war that his cartoon output will be considerably curtailed. In any event, we'll leave departure remarks at "Hasta Luego, Cookie," and see what happens.

A "Stich" in Time

First Lieutenant Steven A. Stich, rescue helicopter pilot stationed at Elmendorf AFB, won the 1978 Helicopter Heroism Award, which is presented annually by Avco Corporation and the Aviation/Space Writers Association. The lieutenant was recognized for his role in rescuing an Alaska state park ranger who had been injured by a fall while mountain climbing. Darkness, bad weather, mining cables and the perilous location of the victim, who was hanging in his climbing harness on a small sloping ledge at the 4,800-foot level of the mountain, made the rescue attempt extremely difficult and hazardous. Lieutenant Stich received the Heroism Trophy Award, which is only the thirteenth to be presented, at the National Aviation Writers Assn. Conference in Houston, Texas, on 9 April 1979.

Loadmaster Evacuates 21 PAX Safely

Sergeant Ronald E. Johnson, 36 TAS, McChord AFB, Washington, was awarded the MAC Distinguished Individual Safety Award for his quick reaction to a very dangerous situation at Elmendorf AFB, Alaska, on 6 December 1978. When the C-130 on which he was serving as loadmaster swerved off the runway on landing, Sergeant Johnson directed the 21 passengers on board safely from the aircraft. Since there was two feet of snow on the ground, he then quickly requested an indoor area for his passengers and stayed with them until transportation arrived. Despite the fact that he had only been on the job for three months, Sergeant Johnson's quick and levelheaded actions averted panic, possible injury and confusion among the passengers and resulted in an orderly and safe evacuation of the damaged aircraft.

HERE'S TO YOU, MAC CREWS. THROUGH 6 BRICK LAUNCHES, WITH THE GASTRONOMIC FORTITUDE ONLY A GOAT COULD APPRECIATE, YOU'RE OFF ANYWHERE AT THE CRY..."BUT, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE AVAILABLE". BECAUSE OF YOU, PEOPLE ALL OVER THIS LITTLE GLOBE STAY SAFE, SECURE, FED AND FREE -- AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT. FLY SAFE AND WRITE IF YOU GET WORK.

*The Sage Brush**

C.R. TERROR

The Ace of ALCE Augmentees creates a joint exercise in frustration.

Lieutenant Colonel Spiffy spotted C.R. as soon as the Magnificent Many-Motor Manager strolled into squadron operations. "Well, Major Terror, this flight makes you the high sky-timer for the month. We'll have to put you at the bottom of the heap for awhile till the others catch up. We're an equal flying opportunity squadron, ya know."

This wasn't the first time C.R. had been number one on the sky-hog chart, but even so, the thought of all those lost chances for high adventure registered glumly on his face. The Porky Pilot perambulated instinctively toward the scheduling office. Perhaps checking out all the good trips he might miss during this period of enforced idleness would justify his dejected mood. But as he approached the doorway, he heard fragments of a phone conversation that turned his temporary depression into wild anticipation.

Captain Linus Sight, the Starlifter scheduler, was scribbling down the information from wing headquarters. "Emergency leave . . . uh, need an experienced rated officer to augment the Airlift Control Element at Gulflin AFB, Florida. I see . . . I'll have to check. We just don't have too many experienced people available. I'll call you back."

Hearing the magic word, "Florida," was enough to send C.R. into ecstacy. He swept down upon the startled scheduler before he could hang up the phone. "It must be your lucky day," the Sly One said with Dale Carnegiesque aplomb. "I couldn't help hearing of your difficulty in finding a warm body to send south. Tell ya what I'm gonna do," the Heavyweight Huckster continued, "I'll be glad to help you out of this dilemma by leaping into the breach myself and going forth in Uncle's service."

"You mean you wanna volunteer for this TDY?" queried the incredulous captain.

"Sure, anything to help out my favorite Manpower Manipulator. Besides, you may be able to return the favor when next month's missions come down," reasoned the Field Grade Flim-Flammer.

Not wanting to inspect this gift horse too closely, the sagacious scheduler quickly phoned headquarters. "I've got your ALCE augmentee," he reported. "It's Major Terror."

Linus began briefing C.R. on the rest of the information he would need, but most of it sailed right over the receding hairline of the Rotund One. His brain was fully occupied with images of bikini-clad beach bunnies frolicking in rolling surf or lounging on silver sands, and buckets of steamed Gulf shrimp.

". . . and you can pick up your orders tomorrow. The support mission departs at 1500 local," concluded Captain Sight. But the mesmerized Major was staring blankly into space, a peculiar smile drifting across his face. "Sir, did you get all that?" the concerned scheduler asked.

"Oh, uh, yea," the Glassy-Eyed Globetrotter stuttered. "Fifteen-hundred tomorrow. What did you say I'll be doing again?"

"Replacing the night shift ALCE duty controller who went on emergency leave," Linus repeated.

"Right," C.R. replied positively, "then I'll be in charge," he mused aloud, his chest swelling perceptibly.

"Of the night shift anyway," the Captain amended.

"No sweat," C.R. said as he trundled out the door.

It was late afternoon by the time the C-141 pulled into the chocks at Gulfin AFB. The ALCE loadmaster, Sergeant Hoppinjon, stuck his head inside the crew entrance door just as C.R. was throwing his hand-tooled leather hangup bag over his shoulder. "Are you Major Terror?" the young black-hatter asked.

"Deed I am," confirmed C.R., "and I'm here to take over the nocturnal operation at this lovely locale."

"Well, sir, the ALCE commander, Lieutenant Colonel Wiatt, had to go over to one of the aux airfields to take care of the big airdrop tonight so he asked me to show you around and brief you on the situation."

"Quite right, m'lad," C.R. said. "As the temporary commandatory, I should know all the most important factors concerning this massive and vital operation. So tell me, how far is the beach from here, and do our contract quarters have a swimming pool?"

"Quarters are right on the beach and it takes 45 minutes, one way," Sergeant Hoppinjon quickly replied. "Now then," the dedicated NCO continued, "that's the last deployment load there," nodding toward a C-141 being offloaded further down the ramp. "And this bird here needs an engine run before we can send it home."

"So there's not much going on now," C.R. probed, thinking ahead to a possible night off.

"Well, sir, there are no missions *scheduled* tonight, but schedules don't mean nothin', especially during employment—which begins tonight when the Fourth Banchee Brigade air drops troops and heavy equipment into a bunch of simulated bad guys. That is if the weather holds," the perceptive Sergeant said as he pointed toward the line of dark clouds to the west.

But the Patriarch of Partying was determined to beat a hasty path down to the shore.

As they entered operations, the sergeant handed C.R. the exercise operations order. "Colonel Wiatt said to make sure you looked it over carefully. It tells you what's going on and when."

"That looks about as interesting as a phone book," C.R. grumbled, tossing the thick document aside. Darkness was upon them and he hadn't even seen the beach yet. "Let me get this straight, there're no missions scheduled tonight and all there is to do is an engine run and we can pack it in until tomorrow," the King of Calculators reasoned.

"Well, I don't know about that," the sergeant advised.

"Tut, tut, I am abundantly qualified to run that engine," the Portly Pilot rebounded. "Call maintenance and have them meet me at the airplane. We'll make short work of this."

The maintenance crew was in the process of hooking up a tow bar to the nose wheel when C.R. drove up. "What are you doing, Sergeant Bender?" C.R. asked.

"Oh, howdy, sir. We're just moving it over there to our normal engine-run spot," explained the tow team chief, pointing across the darkened parking ramp.

"No need for that my good man, we're at least 200 feet from the nearest object," the Ace of Aerospace estimated. "Besides, the sooner we finish, the sooner we can all retire to the hotel."

"You're the boss," Sergeant Bender conceded.

"That's the spirit. Now let's plug in the power and punch the

buttons. Sarge, you run the panel."

Within seconds, C.R. was in the left seat requesting clearance from ground control to run the engine.

"All we need is an idle rpm check, sir," Sergeant Bender called over the intercom, as the lofty Left-Seater punched the starter.

"Idle looks good, sir," reported the proficient panel operator.

"Let's see what it looks like at 80 percent," C.R. said, moving the throttle forward.

As the roar of the Pratt & Whitney split the darkness, the wings of several small fighters parked behind the Starlifter rocked in the man-made gale.

"Works as advertised," the Max-Power Major announced. He flipped off the fuel-and-start-ignition switch and hopped out of the seat. "After you button it up, sergeant, you can all go back to the quarters. No sense staying out here if there's nothing going on. And tell the aerial porters they can return to the hotel also," the Overconfident Commander directed.

"You're the boss," the maintenance man repeated.

As the Magnanimous Major entered ALCE operations, the fieldphone to the Exercise Airlift Control Center was rattling metallically. When he picked it up a voice asked, "Hello, Moonpie, this is Talon Control, how do you read? Over."

"Just fine, uh, Talon," C.R. answered.

"We show you in the green for tonight's schedule," the cryptic caller continued.

"Roger that, everything's in the green here," the Cherubic Charlatan replied.

"Roger, Moonpie, Talon out."

"Must have been a communications check," the Counterfeit Controller surmised. "Now to the beach for a sumptuous repast and a moonlight stroll on the silvery sands."

Passing the weather shop on his way out, C.R. almost collided with Sergeant Hoppinjon who had been updating the forecast. "Weather is looking pretty crummy in the drop area, Major, with fog, drizzle and low ceilings."

"Well then, we better hurry and leave before it decides to rain on *our* parade too, the Musical Major proposed.

"I don't feel right about everybody leaving, sir. I'd just as soon stay out here if you don't mind," the vigilant NCO offered.

"A commendable suggestion, sergeant. See you tomorrow by the pool," C.R. said as he climbed into his staff car.

"He's the boss," muttered the beleaguered black-hatter, watching the taillights fade into the distance.

The Bumbling Bon Vivant had just fallen asleep when the hotel phone suddenly started ringing off the night stand. "Two a.m.," C.R. whined incredulously as he reached for the annoying instrument.

It was Sergeant Hoppinjon. "Major Terror, you gotta get out here fast. There are about 20 C-130s on the ramp and more on final. We're getting all kinds of calls wanting to know what's going on, and when I told this Army colonel that I was the only one on duty, he went right through the ceiling. That big airdrop got weather cancelled and diverted in here, and there's nobody to park them or offload them. It's a madhouse and the flight crews are getting nasty. Help!"

"Ohoooh," C.R. moaned slowly into the phone. "I'll see if I can round up some of the people I released and get them out there ASAP."

By the time C.R. arrived, ALCE operations was in complete pandemonium with a horde of aircrews and Army troops packed into the small office. Everybody was trying to get some answers from the unfortunate ALCE sergeant, who looked like Chicken Little with the entire sky falling down around his ears. All eyes turned toward the door when Hoppinjon spotted C.R., pointed directly at him, and hollered above the din, "There's Major Terror. Ask him. He's the boss."

Always quick on his feet, C.R. announced without hesi-

tation, "Load teams and maintenance people are on the way." A loud growl came from the ugly crowd as they turned menacingly toward the Facetious Fourflusher. He felt a tap on his shoulder and turned

to face an Army bird-colonel towering over him, motioning him silently with his finger to follow. Once outside, the paratroop commander introduced himself, "Major, my name is Colonel Nickolous Rippers of the Fourth Brigade and I would like to know who's responsible for this disaster."

"Well, sir, actually," C.R. tapdanced, "I'm only an augmentee down here to fill in for . . ."

"Knock it off!" the colonel thundered. "You're the airlift SRO. You're wearing the leaves—that makes you responsible. Whether you realize it or not, we are fighting a war here and we take our business very seriously. Apparently a lot more seriously than you take yours," the Airborne-Eagle continued. Each word was as deliberate and sharp as a bayonet thrust. "Your Airlift Control Center confirmed that you were standing by as a possible diversion base tonight, so when do I get my equipment offloaded so I can join in the fighting?"

"We'll have that stuff offloaded before you can say 'Geronimo,' sir," C.R. assayed, as he back-peddled toward the door. "In the green," C.R. muttered, "so that's what that call was all about."

Much later, as the sun peeked over the pine trees, a weary C.R. and his hapless side kick, Sergeant Hoppinjon, watched as the last C-130 lifted off the Gulflin runway and headed north. "All in all, Hoppy, once we got started things went surprisingly well," the Ever-Optimistic Operator observed. "We off-loaded 35 airplanes in just five hours. That's probably some kind of a record." While he was still congratulating himself, a staff car pulled up and discharged an Air Force lieutenant colonel and a captain.

"So you're Major Terror," the businesslike Colonel said. "I'm T.D. Wiatt, the ALCE commander, and this is Captain H.R. Block, the safety officer. We're here to make a complete report on last night's incident."

"But how was I supposed to know the airdrop would get weather cancelled and divert in here," C.R. stated defensively. "I don't know all the ins and outs of this deployment business."

"Wait a minute," the commander returned, "that's not the incident we're talking about. You're quite correct. We don't expect you to know all there is to know about deployed operations your first time around. But, with your considerable experience as a C-141 pilot, I expected you to at least use sound judgment when you ran up that engine last night. That little escapade resulted in serious damage to the fighters parked behind the Starlifter. Just *how* serious is what Captain Block is here to determine, and I want to find out why you did it."

As they turned toward base operations, where the probe would continue, the Resilient Raconteur was heard to say, "thirty-five on-time departures in only five hours. That ought to count for something, eh Colonel."

Quick Stoppers

Stabbing at 15,000 feet

During a night heavy equipment drop, a parachute static line which was supposed to disconnect from the connector link didn't, and was dragged behind the aircraft in the slip stream. A knife attached to the end of the static line began stabbing the airframe mercilessly aft of the troop door. Later investigation revealed that the static line had been secured to the connector link by a six-inch connector web. Nobody came forward to claim responsibility for the erronious rigging, so all riggers in the unit are now required to tag their individual work with name (preferably their own) and date, so that future faux pas can be traced to the culprit and corrective training applied.

Engine Failure Sampler

Do you feel pretty secure about flying a multi-engine airlifter? Always got more engines than you really need—no real reason to practice engine-out landings? Wrong! Every year lots of aircrews get to do real engine-out landings. Here are a few samples.

Twenty-five minutes after takeoff the flight engineer noticed a loss of oil pressure on number one engine. Soon the pilot's low-oil-pressure light illuminated, so the crew shut the engine down and coordinated a diversion to home station. On the way back, number two engine duplicated number one's malfunction and the crew shut *it* down. An uneventful landing was made at home base.

On another mission, the engines on the right side of a C-5 showed the crew some neat tricks. First, the plot shut down number four for a mad-ar-discovered bleed air leak. Thirty minutes later the right inboard flamed out for no apparent reason. After an emergency diversion and landing, maintainers found a malfunctioning anti-ice valve in number four and a failed fuel pump in number three.

A real attention getter was the report that came in headed, "Three engine shutdown with intent for flight." Enroute to home station the scanner on a C-5 reported fluid streaming from number two pylon. The engine was shut down and an uneventful landing was made. Just after turning off the active, the crew spotted an oil leak from number one and it was shut down. Seconds later, the number three fire light flickered and the crew shut it down too. Enough was enough—the crew parked the Galaxy and let maintenance tow it to the parking spot.

Lightning Is Where You Find It (Or It Finds You) --ATrilogy

Numerous reports of lightning strikes have been coming in on the "wire" lately. One HC-130 was zapped while being radar vectored for an approach in England. The Herk was at 24,500 feet in an area of light to moderate turbulence and snow showers, but the nearest thunderstorm was reported to be some 20 miles away. Only slight damage was done to the plane's radome, and the crew landed without any problems. Another C-130 also had its radome singed by lightning—this time in Turkey. Although the plane was in heavy precip and experiencing moderate icing, the airborne radar wasn't painting any thunderstorm activity at the time of the strike. A SAC KC-135 didn't get off so easily when it took a high voltage hit while penetrating an area of intense thunderstorms. Occurring at an altitude of about 5,000 feet, near the freezing level (which is the high-probability zone for strikes), the big bolt caused an explosion in the left wing that blew almost 25 feet of the tip away. This bird was more fortunate than a MAC C-130 that had part of its wing clipped by lightning and then crashed (See April, 1979, *TMF*.) The crew was able to continue flying the tanker and bring it safely down at a nearby base despite the missing section of wing and the loss of several hydraulic and electrical systems. These incidents prove once again that it's not nice (or safe) to fool around with Mother Nature when she's in a stormy mood.

New Smoking Hazard

Recently a crewmember discovered an interesting footnote to the Surgeon General's warnings about smoking. He reclined on the ramp about 50 feet in front of a C-141, lit a cigarette and waited for the passengers to arrive. Soon a maintainer parked his blue pickup between the crewmember and the Starlifter and went aboard to do some work. When he returned, he got into the truck and chatted briefly with another airman standing by the truck's left door. The driver then started a sweeping right turn toward the ramp exit.

The reclining flyer glanced up to face an onrushing grille and bumper. Using the quick reflexes that crewmembers are known for, he rolled to his right—but too late. The right front tire thumped over his right leg and the tie rods and oil pan cleaned themselves on his backside, sliding his face along the macadam.

The maintenance man stopped the truck and the victim crawled out and brushed himself off. He was immediately whisked away to the hospital for X-rays and a very uncomfortable night. Next morning he was released with only minor injuries. The doctor didn't hesitate to remind him that he was a very, very lucky man and admonished him to remain standing while smoking on the ramp. Vehicles seem to be attracted to folks basking on the blacktop.

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Where's Your Head?

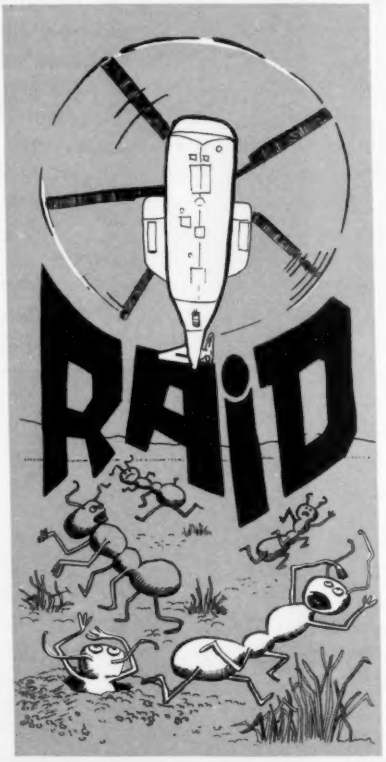
Most of us will readily agree that the best place to do cockpit paperwork is parked on the ramp or after leveloff above FL 180. However, there are some folks who might forget as flights become routine, proficiency increases, and radar control extends ever-downward from the PCA. To help combat complacency, here are a couple of incidents recounted from *Flight Operations* magazine.

"One guy, who usually is a check airman, [FAA flight check qualified] had an attention span of exactly 800 feet. Getting that high above the field after takeoff, he asked for the flight plan so he could start drawing lines. He had to be told that all the paperwork in the world isn't going to help if somebody's airplane comes through the window because everybody in the cockpit has his head buried.

"The reason for choosing FL 180 is simple. Above that altitude, one at least has the protection or additional help of positive control. But even that isn't worth too much. One day in the stratosphere I earned my salary for the rest of my flying career by being the only one who was looking out a window that was rapidly being filled by a B-52. In that near miss, despite our evasive maneuver, the bomber came so close we could hear it."

Value of Experience

Entering downwind for a final landing at night, the pilot in command of a Navy helicopter called for the copilot to "get the gear." As the pilot rolled level on the downwind leg for the approach to a spot adjacent to the active runway, he again told the copilot to lower the gear. The tower then cleared him to land directly on the runway so the approach was adjusted slightly for a running full stop landing. As the chopper came closer and closer to the runway, the pilot noticed that the aircraft seemed to be lower than usual and still hadn't touched down. Just as he began to add power and curtail that old sinking feeling, the helo contacted the runway surface sans wheels. Immediately adding power and bringing the chopper to a 40 foot hover, the AC lowered the gear, landed and taxiied in the correct way. Although the crew never received an audible horn or visual signal light, neither the pilot nor his apparently narcoleptic side kick ever checked to see if the gear was in fact down. In the firm belief that we learn from our mistakes, the board concluded: "This pilot is one of the most accomplished pilots in the squadron and his value has now been multiplied by the experience. We do learn from our own mistakes, especially those we can walk away from. But if the only way to learn not to have a gear-up landing is by having one, then we've got problems, including the safety philosophy that says we can learn not only from our errors, but from those of others.



—adapted from USN *Weekly Summary*

AFTER DEADLINES

UNDER MILITARY AIRLIFT COMMAND AEGIS, Braniff International began military contract flights from Washington D.C. to Frankfurt, Germany, and Brussels, Belgium, on June 5. The airline is using DC-8 jetliners with 164-passenger seating capacity. This service is expected to result in a saving of approximately 45% over present costs, but all flights will still include stereo music, movies and other commericial airline amenities.

MAC'S COMBAT CONTROL SCHOOL will be moving from Little Rock AFB to Charleston AFB this fall to take advantage of improved facilities. The new site will offer better assault zone training areas, less air space saturation, and room and equipment for amphibious and scuba practice. Course length is expected to drop from 12-18 months to 18½ weeks, saving training time and money.

INFLATION COMES TO TMF. Subscription and per-issue prices for The MAC Flyer have been raised by the Government Printing Office. Yearly rates are now $15 domestic and $18.75 foreign; single copy prices are $1.30 domestic and $1.65 foreign. At those prices, you can see why it's important to make sure that every copy of the Flyer your unit receives for "free" distribution to crewmembers gets maximum exposure and circulation.

PHONE CALLS FROM READERS indicate that some folks didn't fully understand our June (25th Anniversary Issue) cover. The picture on it was a photo-reproduction of the very first Flyer cover, issued in June, 1954. The C-97 was minus its right-main landing gear on purpose to generate interest for the featured story in that premier edition of the world's finest flying safety magazine.

UP, UP, AND AWAY. While a standard-sized C-141 Starlifter is being prepared for modification, the prototype "stretched" version takes off on its initial test flight from the Lockheed-Georgia facilities in Marietta. The prototype has been lengthened by over 23 feet, which increases the cargo volume by 33% at a fraction of the cost of a replacement aircraft.

Photo courtesy of Lockheed.

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It's a new low-cost ground proximity warning device, Sir. Neat, huh?